

The Middletown Transcript

Trains Leave Middletown as follows:
North Bound—7:20, 7:45, 8:22 and 10:24 a. m.;
1:54, 4:17 and 5:58 p. m.
South Bound—7:20, 8:21, 9:19 and 11:28 a. m.;
4:48, 5:41 and 7:18 p. m.

Mails Close as follows:
Going North—7:20 a. m., 10:24 a. m., 5:58 p. m.,
5:45 p. m. and 9 p. m.
Going South—8:20 a. m., 4:15 p. m. and 9 p. m.
For Odessa—7:20 a. m., 5:58 p. m., 11:28 a. m.,
4:50 p. m.
For Warwick, Cecilton and Marlville 9:20 a. m.
and 4:45 p. m.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., JUNE 11, 1904.

Local News.

Removed to the middle room in the Opera House. JONES & BRADLEY.
Sweet Potato plants, May 10th, ready to set.
E. J. STEELE,
Middletown, Del.

Full line of Fresh Groceries at E. F. Ingram's.
Fresh Bread, Rolls, Cinnamon Buns every day.
JONES & BRADLEY.

Dr. W. E. BARNARD, Surgeon Dentist, office Southeast corner of Main and Scott streets.

FOR SALE—One Soda Fountain complete, in good order. Address, Lock Box, No. 321.

Removed to the middle room in the Opera House. JONES & BRADLEY.
Fresh Bread, Rolls, Cinnamon Buns every day.
JONES & BRADLEY.

25,000 potted Tomato plants, Earliana Stone, Paragon and Ponderosa, for sale. E. J. STEELE, Florist, Middletown, Del.

Removed to the middle room in the Opera House. JONES & BRADLEY.
EGGS FOR SALE—Rhoad Island Rols—fine vigorous stock and excellent layers, 75c per setting.
C. P. COCHRAN, Middletown, Del.

FOR SALE—Chestnut Fence Posts and Cord Wood. Apply to
N. J. WILLIAMS,
Middletown, Del.

Removed to the middle room in the Opera House. JONES & BRADLEY.
After June 1st the library will be open on Tuesday evening, instead of Tuesday afternoon.

E. I. ALPER, Eye Specialist, East Main street, Middletown. Office hours 8:30 A. M. to 9 P. M., every Saturday.

EGGS FOR HATCHING—Pure bred S. C. White Leghorns, White Wyandottes and Barred Rocks, 15 for \$100; 100 for \$5.00.
T. R. BRADSHAW,
Evergreen Farm, Odessa, Del.

Deviled Crabs at JONES & BRADLEY.
Crab meat at JONES & BRADLEY.

FOR SALE—The property of the late Marcellus Jones on South Broad street. For particulars apply to
J. R. HOFFMEYER,
Middletown, Del.

We have just received a large assortment of Refrigerators and Ice Boxes. All styles and prices. Call and see our line before they are picked over.
J. F. McWHORTER & SONS.

FOR SALE—A 12 room house with all modern improvements. Southeast corner Green and Church streets. Possession given March 25th, 1905. Apply to
JOSHUA CLAYTON, JR., Middletown, Del.

The dwelling and out-buildings on the McWhorter farm, near Middletown, Md., tenanted by Mr. J. W. Rolph, were totally destroyed by fire Monday of last week.

Horses belonging to John P. Wilson and Clayton Templeman, of near Earleville, Md., were struck and killed while in a field during the storm Monday night.

The remains of Mrs. Catherine Clayton, formerly of the Second district, who died Sunday at Newport last week, were interred in Bethel Cemetery on Thursday.

From several points on the Peninsula come reports that burglars are operating in different towns and the general impression is that there is a well organized gang at work.

St. Nicholas' League will hold a candy sale at the residence of Mr. W. P. Biggs on Thursday, June 10th, from 4:30 to 9 o'clock P. M., also grab bag, pony rides, magic lantern and pantomime show.

J. B. Messick gives notice that after July 4th, he will close his stores at 6 o'clock P. M., daily except Saturdays. This is Mr. Messick's usual custom during the warm weather, and it is source of pleasure to the salespeople.

Unclaimed Letters—The following list of letters remain unclaimed in the post office for the week ending June 9th: Sarah Dunby, Mrs. Geo. Dal, Mrs. George Deason, Lomax Hazleton, George Knight James Money, Daniel Postley.

Clerk of the Orphans' Court Joseph C. Jolls has had ground broken on Cass street this week for two new houses. These houses will have all of the modern improvements and be up-to-date in every respect. Contractor James A. Bradley will begin work as soon as the material arrives.

Forest Presbyterian Church was crowded Sunday evening to witness the Children's Day program given under the auspices of the Sunday School. The program selected proved to be most interesting one, and the recitations, singing and speaking by the little folks was a most pleasing feature.

Mrs. Edward Reynolds entertained a family party on Friday evening. A delightful time was spent. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Cochran, Mrs. Josephine B. Nowland, Misses Clara Blackston, Emma Blackston, Marion Cochran, Eugene Beaton, Mrs. Minnie Carpenter, Mrs. Alice Conwell and Samuel Carpenter.

Thomas K., the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Smith, aged nearly three years, died on Friday evening last. The funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon at four o'clock at the home of his parents, on North Broad street, Rev. C. T. Wyatt officiating. The remains were taken to Elkton, Md., Monday morning on the 9:22 train, and interred in a cemetery near that town.

Mr. Joshua Clayton is having a new house erected on his farm near Chesapeake City, which will be one of the most modern and convenient homes in that section. The front building will be 25x36 feet with an "L" 18x24 feet. The house will have 14 rooms on the three floors, and will be occupied by Mr. Clayton and son Frank in the Spring of 1905. Mr. James A. Bradley of this town, is the contractor, and has a large force of men at work on the building.

Blackberries and raspberries next. Farmers are setting out tomato plants. Wheat harvest will begin in about two weeks.

Double the value of your young roosters by having them castrated. E. S. JONES, Middletown, Del.

Nearly 100 graduates of Goldey College are employed by the duPont Company, Wilmington, Del.

The painter's brush has greatly beautified the exterior of the residence of Mrs. Mary E. Jones on East Main street.

In a game of base ball between Cecilton and Chesapeake City, Thursday, the former club won by the score of 5 to 4.

The report that in the near future Sunday trains would be run over the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania R. R. was untrue.

Scales should be used in every house and barn. There is more money in knowing than in guessing. The following proverb should be heeded: "Deliver all things by measure and weight." Weigh the stock, and grain and hay, as well as fertilizers, so as to deal justly and be fairly dealt with. In selling live stock the weight is usually estimated by the drover or butcher who comes to buy and long practice on their part gives them a decided advantage over the seller.

Quite a number of THE TRANSCRIPT's correspondents delay sending in their items until Thursday night or Friday morning. This is almost invariably too late for publication. THE TRANSCRIPT is printed every Friday afternoon. On press day there is always a large amount of purely local matters which crowds out other items. County news should arrive at this office not later than Thursday noon. If correspondents will observe this rule they will have less objection to make because of a number of their items being crowded out. Events of special importance may be sent by phone or letter as late as Friday noon.

Weeds are not only noxious in themselves, they begot other evils. They foster slovenliness. A big patch of weeds in a back yard, vacant lot or an alley treats an irresistible desire in the careless domestic to throw old tin cans among them, to empty among their concealing leaves the garbage that should be carted away. Such things have the germs of contagion and death. Besides they are nasty, they are a part of the weed system. Nice customs abhor them. A town to be clean and wholesome and attractive must be cleared of pestiferous things. Citizens should cut the weeds. Then there will be fewer cans, heaps of ashes and piles of routine garbage to mar the appearance and impair the health of a fine town.

Commencement exercises of the Middletown High School will be held in the Opera House Friday evening, June 17th. The graduates are: Grover Cleveland Bender, essay, "The Need of Trained Men"; Maudie Hopkins Deakney, essay, "The American Woman"; Harold Wrightson Dawson, essay, "The Positive Life"; Elizabeth May Kumpel, essay, "Seeking the Best Things"; Emma Kelley, essay, "Other People"; Anna Lillian Solway, essay, "Self-Cultivation in English"; Jeannette Leslie Schreitz, essay, "Out-of-Doors." Prof. F. H. Green of West Chester, will address the graduates. He is an enthusiastic speaker who not only feels the charm in literature but can inspire his audience with the same enthusiasm. An attractive musical program is being prepared by Miss Mary Maxwell. The baccalaureate sermon will be delivered by Dr. F. H. Moore in the Presbyterian Church Sunday evening, June 19th.

CHURCH NOTES

The annual service at old St. Anne's Church will be held to-morrow at half past ten o'clock. All are cordially invited.

The Young Peoples Society of Christian Endeavor of Forest Presbyterian Church, meets every Sunday evening at 6:45 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to everybody. The topic for to-morrow evening is: "What I must do to become Christ's disciple." Matt. 16:24-29; John 13:33-35. Leader, Miss Martha Heaton.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered in the Forest Presbyterian Church on to-morrow morning. The Session will meet on to-morrow morning at 10:15 o'clock to receive those desiring to unite with the church.

Children's Day will be observed at Bethesda M. E. Church to-morrow. The Primary Department will have the right of way in the morning and the larger scholars in the evening. A most interesting program has been prepared and the music is unusually attractive. At the morning services the pastor will administer the rite of baptism. Let parents avail themselves of the opportunity to have their children baptized.

THE FIREMAN'S SOLILOQUY

A parody on "The Tramps Soliloquy" arranged by J. A. Suydam, ex-Chief. Respectfully dedicated to Ed Assistant Charles M. Sanger of the Middletown Fire Department, Middletown, Del., February 28th, 1896.

On these frosty mornings when I wander down the street
And my appetite is calling loud for something warm to eat,
A most tantalizing picture comes where'er I chance to rove,
Of Stanger making coffee on our old oil stove.

I can see the table standing near with everything in place,
And the plates of bologna, cheese and crackers were a most familiar face,
But the fragrance of that coffee seems to follow where I rove
Just as when our Comrade Stanger boiled it on our old oil stove.

I can see our Chief, coming in, with snow flakes covered o'er,
And the wave of frosty air but made our comforts seem the more.
O, to see that happy place again, how far these feet would rove—
And to taste of Stanger's coffee made on the old oil stove.

A homeless, friendless wanderer now, of everything bereft,
After struggling hard with toil and care there's only memory left.
And the scene that brings my whole life back, as cold and faint I rove
Is Stanger boiling coffee on our old oil stove.

FARMERS' ATTENTION

We are now prepared to fill all orders for High Grade Fertilizers for Spring Planting from our warehouse, Middletown, Del.

JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

PERSONALITIES

Miss Ada Lockwood is the guest of relatives here.

Mrs. S. E. Houston has been visiting in Wilmington.

Mrs. M. L. Short, of Clayton, visited friends here this week.

Mrs. Ella Pennington has been visiting near Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Lettie Price, of Philadelphia, has been visiting her mother.

Miss Justine Peverley is home from school for the summer holidays.

Mr. Thomas McWhorter is home from school for the summer vacation.

Miss Elizabeth Short, of Clayton, visited Miss Jennie Jones on Sunday.

Mrs. A. M. McKee and daughter, Miss Allie, are at Rehoboth for a month.

Miss Jennie E. Jones spent several days this week with Cecilton friends.

Mrs. Frank C. West, of Wilmington, was in town several days this week.

Miss Mary Beaton has returned from a visit with her sister in Willow Grove, Pa.

Mrs. Margaret Weatherby, of New York, is visiting her niece, Mrs. E. S. Jones.

Mrs. Joseph Jackson, of Wilmington, was the guest of Mrs. T. S. Fournace on Friday.

Mrs. Oscar T. Whitlock and Grover C. Johnson were Philadelphia visitors on Saturday.

Mrs. A. M. Brown, of Boston, is spending a month with her mother, Mrs. Mary R. Reynolds.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jones, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with her mother on Lake street.

Miss Susie Ford, who has been attending school in Virginia, is at home for the summer.

Miss Eliza C. Green has returned from Washington, D. C., where she has been attending school.

Miss Eliza P. Cochran, of Elwyn, Pa., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cochran.

Misses Fannie and Mabel Derrickson, of New York City, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Derrickson, near town.

JUNE WEDDINGS

COCHRAN-DERRICKSON

A very pretty home wedding was solemnized at "Bohemia Heights," the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Derrickson, Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, when their second daughter, Edith Anne, was united in marriage to George Lindsey Cochran, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cochran, of this town.

The ceremony was performed in the presence of the immediate relatives of the contracting parties by the Rev. F. H. Moore, D. D., of the Forest Presbyterian Church.

The bride was attired in a white lace robe, and was attended by her younger sister, Miss Mabel E. Derrickson, who wore a gown of pale yellow silk mill.

The bride was the recipient of many pretty presents.

Mr. and Mrs. Cochran left on the 4:16 northbound train from Middletown on their wedding tour. They will reside at the National Hotel, this town.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Derrickson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. George Derrickson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Warren and Dr. and Mrs. G. Burton Pearson.

PAXSON-ROBERTS

Miss Maudie Roberts of West Chester, and Merritt Paxson of Summit Bridge, were quietly married in Philadelphia, June 1st, by Rev. Lee Gant. They will reside at No. 819 Franklin street, Philadelphia.

CECILTON

George Millikan spent Monday in Elkton.

C. V. Hoover is home from Camden, N. J.

Rev. W. A. Dawson spent Monday and Tuesday in Rising Sun.

Messrs. Allen Burke and Joseph Terry spent Tuesday in Wilmington.

Irving Burke has returned from Philadelphia where he has been visiting.

Fred Hoover's sprained ankle was pleased to report is very much better.

Miss Olive Millikan is spending a few days with Miss Christian Lutheringer.

Mrs. Fred Myers and daughter, Margaret, are guests of relatives in Baltimore.

Clayton Templeman and Robert Duhamel are spending a few days in Baltimore.

Miss Blanche VanBuskirk, of Baltimore, is visiting her cousin, Miss Edith Alderson.

County Commissioner William Davis who has been quite ill has gone to a hospital in Philadelphia.

All are invited to attend the Children's Day services to-morrow evening, and at Johnstown on June 19th.

Robert Blackway and wife entertained his cousin, George Blackway and niece, of Middletown, Sunday.

Clayton Templeman had the sad loss of three horses killed by lightning on Sunday evening. John Wilson also had one horse killed.

Misses Mary Anderson, Frances Griffith, Myrtle Stradley, Edith Alderson, Arrie McCoy, Ethel Duhamel and Else Spear are spending part of this week in Elkton.

The members of the Jr. O. U. A. M., are requested to meet at the hall on Friday evening, June 17th, also the Sassafras and Earleville members. State officials from Baltimore will be present and introduce some new features. All come and have a good time.

Low Rates Coach Excursions to St. Louis World's Fair Every Thursday via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Only \$17.00 round trip. Tickets good going in day coaches only, limited to return ten days, including date of sale. Train will leave Wilmington at 11.11 p. m., June 9, 16, 23, and 30. Tickets on sale at ticket offices.

THE TRANSCRIPT, \$1.00 per year.

OLD DRAWERS CELEBRATION

Services to commemorate the one hundred and ninety-third anniversary of the building of Old Drawers Presbyterian Church, near Odessa, were held all of Sunday and were attended by folks from all parts of the county.

Religious services were held at 10 o'clock in the morning, ministers on the platform including Rev. R. L. Hallett, of Drawers Presbyterian Church, Odessa; Rev. J. M. Arters, of the Methodist Church at Odessa; Rev. Francis H. Moore, of Forest Presbyterian Church, Middletown, and the Rev. J. R. Milligan, of St. Georges Presbyterian Church.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. V. Lunderbough, of Salem, N. J., his text being the second verse of the one hundredth psalm: "Serve the Lord with gladness." The text is inscribed on a tablet donated by Mrs. Mary Hill which has a prominent place in the old church. The sermon was certainly appropriate to the occasion, and was an able discourse. Dr. Lunderbough was formerly pastor of Old Drawers Church, in Odessa, the edifice that has been used by the Presbyterians in that section since regular services in the historic Old Drawers Church were discontinued.

The choir led by Mrs. J. R. Milligan and assisted by John W. Watkins, of Odessa, and Mr. Anthony, of Smyrna, cornetists, furnished excellent music.

In the afternoon, amusements were held, Daniel W. Corbit, of Odessa, presiding. Prayer was offered by the Rev. G. T. Davis, of Port Penn, and special music was a feature of the meeting.

The anniversary address was made by Judge James Pennewill, of Dover, and was exceedingly interesting. It was historical in character, with befitting references to Old Drawers Church.

On behalf of the Friends of Old Drawers and the large assemblage former Senator Anthony Higgins thanked Judge Pennewill for his entertaining address.

During the day the Friends of Old Drawers, who maintained the old edifice in excellent condition, elected Thomas J. Craven, of Salem, president; Daniel W. Corbit, vice-president; Miss S. Corbelle Bowman, of Wilmington, secretary; and Mr. George Janvier, of Middletown, treasurer.

SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Eliason, after a quarter of a century of married life, celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on Saturday evening at Mr. Peasant, by calling together their many friends and relatives.

They were married in 1879 by Bishop L. Scott, now deceased, in the Odessa M. E. Church, their only attendants being the ushers, who were John M. Naudain, of Baltimore, Leonard V. April, Jr., of Odessa, Lewis E. Eliason, of New Castle, and John Biggs, of Wilmington. Immediately after the marriage ceremony they drove to their home at Mt. Pleasant, where they have lived ever since, enjoying a quiet, peaceful life, meanwhile making their home a pleasure to their friends, as well as to their children, who are now nearly all grown.

A number of letters were received from friends unable to attend, congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Eliason and wishing them many more bright years of married life.

The presents were numerous and handsome. Great banks of daisies were ranged in every conceivable place, with honey-smoke trailed here and there, the sweet perfume mingling with the fragrance of the roses.

The lawn and the porches were lighted with Japanese lanterns, making the place look festive and bright.

In the course of the evening, Dr. F. H. Moore made a short address. From 9:30 and on the guests were invited to the dining room, where they were greeted by a table laden with all sorts of the most delicious and tempting refreshments, to which they were served by Misses Clara and Elsie Paxson, Grace Cann, Fannie Ford, Lydia and Blanche Eliason.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Eliason, Miss Lydia Eliason, James Downs, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Clayton, Miss Vinie Lynch, Harry Brady, Dallas Lore, Charles Lore, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Warren, of Mt. Pleasant, Del., Mrs. Sarah E. Houston, Miss Myrtle Houston, Mrs. Katharine Naudain, Miss Helen Naudain, Mr. and Mrs. J. Moody Rothwell, Miss Nellie Rothwell, Miss Mary Rothwell, Miss Clara Willis, Cuthbert Peverley, Eugene Shallos, George Kelly, Jr., Dr. D. W. Lewis, Miss Mary Williams, Miss Justine Peverley, Miss Eugenia Beaton, Dr. F. H. Moore, Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Ritchie, Mrs. Sewell S. Holten, Miss May Holten, Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank McWhorter, Mr. and Mrs. James D. Eliason, Max Eliason, Mrs. Jessie L. Shepherd and Mrs. Oscar Goodhand, of Middletown.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Janvier Woods, Mr. and Mrs. William Janvier, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Pool, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Pool, of McDonough.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob B. Cazier, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Cann, Jr., Pierce Cann, Lee Cann, Mrs. Adeline Green, Mrs. Julia Cann, Mrs. Grace Cann, Mrs. G. Cann, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ford, Miss Anna Eliason, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ford, Miss Anna Eliason, J. C. McCoy, Cressie McCoy, Dr. Eliason and Miss Sue Eliason, of Kirkwood.

Mrs. Paxson, Misses Clara and Elsie Paxson, Eugene Paxson, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd McCoy, Harry Eliason and Miss Annie Eliason, of Summit Bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Eliason, of Bohemia Manor, Md.

Miss Carrie McIntire and Fred McIntire, of Chesapeake City, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Eliason, James Eliason, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Eliason, Miss Mary Eliason, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Rothwell, of New Castle.

Mrs. Mary A. Sanborn, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beaton, Andrew Eliason, Henry Davis, Bayard Eliason, Morris Eliason, of Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, of Elkton, Md. W. J. Eliason, John McMullen, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Crane, Miss Dorothy Crane, of Spew's Point, Md.

FOR LEVY COURT COMMISSIONER
6th Senatorial District,
St. Georges and Pender Hundred,
THOS. E. HURN,
of St. Georges Hundred.

Subject to Decision of Republican Party.

FOR CLERK OF THE PEACE,
OF NEW CASTLE COUNTY,
FRANK R. POOL,
of St. Georges Hundred.

Subject to Rule of the Republican Party.

ST. GEORGES

Miss Mollie Taylor spent Monday in Wilmington.

Miss Daisy Clark was a visitor in Wilmington Saturday.

Miss Maudie Clark is paying a visit to relatives in Delaware City.

Mrs. Joseph Heisel has returned from a visit to relatives in Wilmington.

Rev. Dr. J. R. Milligan paid a visit to Annapolis, Md., part of this week.

Miss Rachel Cleaver is being entertained by relatives in Philadelphia.

Misses Ida Wright and Beulah Swartz spent part of last week in Wilmington.

C. M. Riley spent Sunday with Clarence Pool and family, near McDonough.

Mrs. H. C. Gray is entertaining her sister, Miss Mary Townsend, of Maryland.

Mrs. William Cox has returned from a week's visit with relatives in Chester, Pa.

Prof. Randolph Pratt has returned from a short stay with Philadelphia friends.

William Roberts and daughter, Miss Hattie, were visitors in Wilmington on Sunday.

Mrs. Edgar Vail, of Dutch Neck, visited her sister, Mrs. A. G. Gray, part of this week.

Mrs. Eliza Jones had Mrs. John Vail and son, of Delaware City, as visitors on Saturday.

Walter Cox and wife, of Bowersville, were guests of William April and family on Saturday.

Mrs. C. H. Racine, of Porters, paid a visit to her cousins, the Misses Paynter, on Saturday.

Miss Viola Helveston has returned from a stay of several months with relatives in Philadelphia.

F. P. Vanheike and family on Monday entertained Walter McWhorter and wife, of Glenock, N. J.

Rev. O. L. Martin attended the convention of the State Temperance Alliance held in Wilmington this week.

G. T. Lynch and wife, of Georgetown, were over Sunday visitors with their uncle, James Paynter and family.

J. W. Carrow, Jr., and wife and Mrs. M. J. Gray were guests of David Rees and family, near Middletown, on Sunday.

Mrs. Deakney, of Townsend, who has been visiting relatives near town left for Wilmington on Saturday where she will pay a visit.

The work on the interior of the Presbyterian Church was commenced this week. Mr. Lupton of Philadelphia, has the contract.

We are pleased to state the rapid improvement in the condition of Mrs. William Roberts of our town, who is having treatment in the Delaware Hospital in Wilmington.

Sunday will be observed as Children's Day in both churches, and pleasing exercises appropriate to the occasion are being prepared.

Miss Edie White who has had charge of the school at Deakneyville is spending her vacation with her parents, James White and wife.

Miss Florence Carrow, of Mt. Pleasant, and Mrs. Neal Simpers, of Wilmington, spent Saturday afternoon with Misses Julia and Olivia Paynter.

Edgar Carrow and wife spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. David Rees and family, near Middletown, on Sunday, and also attended the re-union at Old Drawers' Church near Odessa.

Mrs. John Swan, of Delaware City, who is visiting her son, Thomas Swan, near town, celebrated her seventy-sixth birthday on Sunday. Several of her children and their families were present and a very pleasant day was had by all.

The members of the W. C. T. U. of our town were kept busy all day Thursday observing Flower Mission Day. Two hundred bouquets were distributed and the evening service on the banks of the canal was very impressive and very well attended. A short programme was carried out, and the water strewn with flowers in memory of those who had been lost in the waves.

The annual school election held on Saturday afternoon was a very enthusiastic one, and resulted as follows: William Reynolds, William S. Eliason and Thomas Swan were elected commissioners. A meeting of the Board was held at the office of J. C. Stuckert after the election, for the purpose of re-organizing. J. C. Stuckert was made president, and J. W. Carrow, Jr., secretary and treasurer. This is Mr. Carrow's eighteenth term in this office and his work has been done in a most satisfactory manner to all whom it concerns.

COCHRAN-DERRICKSON—On Monday, June 6th, 1904, by the Rev. F. H. Moore, at the home of the bride, Bohemia Manor, Cecil Co., Md., Mr. George Lindsey Cochran, and Miss Edith Anne Derrickson.

Mrs. and Mrs. Jacob B. Cazier, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Cann, Jr., Pierce Cann, Lee Cann, Mrs. Adeline Green, Mrs. Julia Cann, Mrs. Grace Cann, Mrs. G. Cann, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ford, Miss Anna Eliason, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ford, Miss Anna Eliason, J. C. McCoy, Cressie McCoy, Dr. Eliason and Miss Sue Eliason, of Kirkwood.

Mrs. Paxson, Misses Clara and Elsie Paxson, Eugene Paxson, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd McCoy, Harry Eliason and Miss Annie Eliason, of Summit Bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Eliason, of Bohemia Manor, Md.

THAT MYSTERIOUS MAJOR

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

With these prophetic words the Major raised his hat and went slowly on his way, while Evelyn, who was just on the point of entering Lady Howard's room, paused and looked round quickly, her attention having been arrested by a crunching of the gravel and a shadow which had suddenly fallen across her path.

It was Falkland. Evidently he must have followed immediately upon her footsteps; and, as Evelyn turned and surveyed him, she was instantly struck by the deadly whiteness of his face.

Is anything the matter? she asked, glancing anxiously in the direction of her aunt.

Nothing whatever, was the brusque reply; it is merely a slight cold. Lady Howard wished I suppose, you were too much taken up with that fellow Brown.

Evelyn raised her eyebrows, and gave him a swift rather disdainful look.

It is strange that you see in that man, he went on, folding his arms; and, whilst you persistently avoid my society, you seem everlastingly ready to enter into conversation with him. It is not fancy, Miss Luttrell—it is perfectly true. Three times to-day have I attempted to speak to you; three times have you made some trifling excuse and turned to leave me.

And why have I, exclaimed Evelyn, her eyes flashing fire—why? Simply because you persist in discussing the most ridiculous of subjects!

I have certainly made half a dozen attempts during the last few days to talk to you, to ask you to be my wife; but perhaps that is a topic of conversation which you care to discuss only with your friend Brown, since you appear to find him so very interesting.

Or rather perhaps it is that, whilst you talk such utter nonsense, he talks sense; he is the cutting reply.

You call a declaration of love, a proposal of marriage, nonsense, then, Miss Luttrell?

Yes; I call anything nonsense that is so contrary to all reason, returned Evelyn, her voice trembling. And, since you know how much I hate it, I wonder you pester me as you do.

Oh, very well! If that is the case, I will not attempt to renew the subject again—in that way, at any rate; my attentions shall annoy you no longer, and—

Thank you, interrupted Evelyn in low angry tones—that is all I care about; and, without another word or look, she turned to the open window and disappeared, leaving Falkland with ruffled brows and lips set in angry determination gazing drearily into vacancy.

CHAPTER VI

It was certainly true. Miss Luttrell had not been mistaken in declaring that the forged cheque was not one of those which she had lost some months before; and a careful investigation quickly revealed in the fact that the cheque in question had been dexterously extracted from the book in such a manner as to leave no blank counterfoil to raise the suspicions of its owner.

It is clear that the forgery has been effected quite recently, and, no doubt, during our stay here, declared Lady Howard, looking towards Evelyn and Mr. Falkland for confirmation of her words, the latter having, despite her niece's protestations, been called in for consultation upon the weighty matter.

But the thing is, who can have done it? There are half a dozen men in the hotel who may be really professional forgers for all we know; but I do not suppose that one of them even knows Evelyn's Christian name, much less her signature.

I beg your pardon, Lady Howard—you forget the visitors' book, suggested Falkland promptly.

The visitors' book? Ah, yes—her name is there, certainly! But who could be sure it was her writing? Who would dare to forge a cheque with such doubtful assistance? And, now that I think of it—Lady Howard tapped her gold-rimmed glasses thoughtfully against her forehead—I fancy I myself was the one to write our names. Can you remember, Evelyn?

Yes; I remember quite well. You did write them, I know, answered Evelyn, with a vindictive little nod towards Gilbert Falkland.

Oh, indeed! But, even if that is so, there are twenty other ways in which a clever forger could get hold of your signature. You have not written to anybody staying in the hotel, I suppose, Miss Luttrell?

Written to anybody? No—certainly not! Nor lent any books in which your name is inscribed?

No, returned Evelyn, with the same decision; I have not lent anything.

Then, as far as your recollection goes, you can give us no clue to the mystery? You have no remembrance, for instance, of writing a letter and tearing it up, or of signing your name in any chance way which could possibly be turned against you?

Again Evelyn answered "No," but this time there was less assurance in her tones. Standing with her arms folded on the back of her aunt's chair, she had started slightly at Falkland's question, and now, as she raised her head, a strangely perplexed look came suddenly into her eyes.

I—I cannot remember anything, she added hurriedly.

Nothing at all? persisted Falkland suspiciously, quick to notice her evident hesitation.

No—absolutely—nothing.

Well, the only thing it is to take care of that cheque, observed Falkland, watching her narrowly. You see, it is really all that we have to go upon. If you would give it to me, though, I might be able to do something for you in the matter.

Thank you, but I shall have no need to trouble you. I—the words were spoken in the same hesitating, almost faltering tones—I have given it to Major Brown.

You have given it to Major Brown! Had a thunderbolt fallen at Falkland's feet, greater disaster could not be depicted on his countenance.

Yes; he suggested it ought to be put in the hands of an expert at once; and

so he is taking it up to London in the morning, she added, giving the necessary explanation as tersely as possible, and then turning away quickly, as though she could not trust herself to utter another syllable.

He is taking it! Great heavens, Miss Luttrell, you cannot mean it! Surely you have never been so foolish as to allow such a thing? gasped Falkland, starting forward, his face livid, an expression of absolute incredulity in his eyes.

A faint nod—a very different one from that with which she had favored him a moment before—was Evelyn's only reply.

Oh, Miss Luttrell, this is worse than madness! Falkland passed his hand across his forehead with a gesture of despair, of dazed indescribable bewilderment. Did not instinct, your own common sense, tell you the truth? If nothing else, the very fact of his anxiety to secure that cheque should have roused your suspicions. You might have guessed whose handwork it is!

Guessed! repeated Lady Howard. Good gracious, Mr. Falkland, you do not mean to say that you have found a clue to this affair already?

Yes, Lady Howard; I believe—he gave a triumphant glance towards Evelyn—our suspicions—with a very decided emphasis on the plural pronoun—are correct.

That fellow Brown is the forger! Falkland's voice sounded miles and miles away; yet how the words reverberated in Evelyn's ears—with what clear distinctness they seemed to ring through the silent air, to echo round the dusky lawn!

A moment before a horrible fear had possessed her, a fear which had sent all the blood coursing wildly through her veins; and then—Oh, impossible!

Major Brown a forger! It was too absurd! Mr. Falkland always had disliked him. From the very first he had been prejudiced about him, and had done his utmost to make both Lady Howard and herself share his suspicions.

It was too terrible! In that one moment it seemed as though she lived through all the past fortnight again. One after another the various events of the well-remembered days passed in rapid succession through her mind, whilst above all, as a climax, a crowning point to the whole, a certain afternoon, scarcely thirty-six hours before, stood out clear and defined from the confusion of the chaotic occurrences.

Every syllable which had been spoken, every subject which had been broached, came back to her as vividly as though once more she was sitting in the forsaken library, pen in hand, with Major Brown standing attentively by her side.

Oh, why had she been so dense, so blind as to see neither through his evident manoeuvres nor the strange yet palpable eagerness of his manner? If nothing else had roused her suspicions, she ought at least to have realized that Major Brown was not at all the kind of man to waste his energies upon a simple birthday-book.

A birthday-book! How could she have allowed herself to be so easily taken in? She had certainly expressed some astonishment upon the occasion—she was undoubtedly somewhat dubious at first—but how quickly he had overruled her! Without appearing the least perturbed, he had explained away everything—yes, everything! He had even been able to find an excuse for the blankness of the page, and she had actually believed him, had believed the whole of his fabrications, though in reality that horrible book had been purchased simply as a means for securing her signature!

You hear what Mr. Falkland is saying, Evelyn?

How far her thoughts had carried her, or how long she had been standing with her hands clasped tightly together, gazing out straight before her at the shadows growing deeper and deeper, Evelyn had no idea.

Did she hear what Mr. Falkland was saying? No, she had not heard a word, and, what was more, she was utterly indifferent as to what it might be; yet it was with a gesture suggestive rather of acquiescence that she sat down on the low bamboo chair and waited resignedly for anything further that had to come.

You see, Miss Luttrell—it was Falkland who claimed her attention this time—we can do nothing without the cheque; we have no proofs whatever as to the forgery. Brown is as safe as if he had never put pen to paper at all.

Is he? observed Evelyn calmly. His words seemed to imbue her with a sense of strange undefinable relief. Ah, yes—I suppose that would have been the only evidence against him! But of course it does not matter. It is really not of much importance, she added in a voice particularly free from any suspicion of regret.

It does not matter! Why, Miss Luttrell, I have just been pointing out to you the great importance of this affair, and have been saying how easily the whole thing can be managed! But no time must be lost. You ought to ask the Major for the cheque this evening without fail.

I ask him! Do you dream for one moment that I shall ask him for it? Evelyn opened her eyes in amazement. She began to think she had perhaps made a mistake in pretending she had been an interested listener to the recent conversation.

Certainly! Did you not understand me? You have merely to say you wish for the cheque in order to compare it with your own signature, and the rest becomes easy. Lady Howard, you quite agree with me?

And do you suppose that Major Brown's suspicions will not be roused at once? exclaimed Evelyn, caring nothing either for her aunt's or for Falkland's opinion upon the subject. No—it is ridiculous! It would be worse than useless!

But, Evelyn dear, surely Mr. Falkland must know better than you!

He may, of course; but, for all that, I should not like to be the one to make the attempt. If you think your plan will answer, though, why not ask Major Brown yourself? the added, turning a somewhat indignant look upon Gilbert Falkland. You have always disliked him; so you ought to be satisfied now if there is a chance of convicting him of

forgery.

Yes, Miss Luttrell, you are right—I had my suspicions of him from the first, returned Falkland, a rather peculiar expression coming into his face. I never dreamed however that they would be so speedily realized. But, as to your suggestion, I would willingly follow it if I could, only it is ten to one that, where he would most probably comply with one of your requests, mine would absolutely fail. But think it over to yourself for half an hour. Anyhow we must do something to-night. Every moment is of consequence, and— We must secure it if not by fair means—well, in such a case as this I suppose any means are allowable!

Evelyn's only answer was a deep sigh as she rose slowly to her feet and turned away with a strange inexplicable longing to be left alone to her own thoughts, conflicting ones though they were, to be worried by no more cross-questionings or cynical taunts concerning the man whom, despite her short acquaintance with him and her aunt's prejudices, she was beginning to regard with something which was not exactly mere interest.

No wonder therefore that this latest affair had been to her like a blow, that for the time being she was simply stunned by the seriousness of the discovery. She could hardly believe that everything had been done with one aim and object in view, that all the Major's attentions, his numerous little acts of kindness to both her aunt and herself, had been part of a deeply-laid scheme. It was too terrible to think how easily she had been duped, how she had been carried away by his well-assumed courtesies, in many cases falling readily into the traps which had been so ingeniously contrived for her. Yet, as she reviewed the past two weeks, it seemed incredible to her that it should really be so—that a man who could commit such a deliberate felony could at the same time possess such fascinating manners and appear, as he always did, so thoroughly at his ease.

It was growing dusk when Evelyn roused herself wearily from her somewhat harassing reveries, and turned her footsteps in the direction of the brilliant lamp which was streaming forth from Lady Howard's room.

Her aunt had disappeared sometime previously, alarmed no doubt by the heavily-falling dew, and it was only as the hour was struck by some distant clock that Evelyn remembered she would be waiting for her to make her coffee.

Great was her astonishment however, as she drew slowly nearer and nearer, to hear the sound of voices and to behold not only her aunt, but two other figures sitting in the most confidential manner beneath the shade of the veranda. One was Falkland—she would have recognized his pale rather cadaverous-looking face a mile away—and the other—Oh, it was absurd! She must be dreaming! It was beyond the bounds of possibility! It could not be Major Brown!

Whether it was beyond the bounds of possibility or not, it was certainly the Major who sprang up at her approach, and who moved his chair to one side to allow her to pass with that same spontaneous courtesy which had struck her from the first.

Dear me, child, where have you been? I thought you were lost! exclaimed her ladyship by way of greeting. Ring the bell, dear, and say we are ready for coffee. They are later than usual this evening.

But Evelyn did not utter a word as she passed silently through into the sitting-room. At the sight of the Major her heart had given one tremendous bound, and now it was beating almost to suffocation. What was he doing there? What could be the reason? Never before had she seen either her aunt or Falkland making themselves so obviously agreeable to him. Never before had he even been made welcome to their room.

Miss Luttrell—it was Falkland who had followed her through the window—let me have your opportunity. You cannot have a better chance. Go out the instant your aunt leaves the veranda, and as casual a way as possible try to gain possession of that cheque!

At the sound of the low hurried hurried Evelyn started slightly and suddenly dropped the parasol which she was swinging slowly to and fro in her hand.

The cheque! she gasped, gazing wildly round.

There was no need to wonder any longer what the unusual affability meant. The Major had not been proclaimed innocent of the forgery, as she in a vague sense of despair had almost imagined. It was clear why he had been welcomed so warmly into their private room; and yet, as her eyes wandered through the open window, to rest for one brief moment upon the accused as he stood talking to her aunt, a handsome wonderfully distinguished-looking man in his faultless evening dress, all her old feelings of inroad came back to her as forcibly as ever. She forgot any doubts and suspicions that she had had, never for an instant remembered the episode of the birthday book and the strange manoeuvres he had adopted to secure a specimen of her writing and her signature, and with a decided shake of her head put an immediate veto upon Falkland's carefully worked out plan.

Then you refuse to do anything in the matter? Really, Miss Luttrell, you astonish me! I observed Falkland, a cynical smile curling his lips. But you have a tender heart, I suppose, and dislike the thought of your elegant friend being provided with a suit of broad arrows at the nation's expense.

I refuse, returned Evelyn, her head erect, her eyes flashing, simply because I am certain that Major Brown is as innocent of forging that cheque as—passing to add greater emphasis to her words—as you are!

Oh, very well—there is nothing more to be said, I suppose! was Falkland's calm reply as he turned away and, without even attempting to argue the point further, walked across to the other side of the room.

Evelyn looked after him with an air of satisfaction, and then drew a sigh of relief. She was agreeably surprised by the way in which he had received her refusal, knowing that he had owed the Major a grudge from the very first; she had felt that, if he could annoy him over anything, he would seize every opportunity of the earliest opportunity. But what was the meaning of this alteration of his manner, considering how determined he had been a short time before to secure that cheque without an instant's delay? He was taking her refusal to help him in his scheme with

wonderful placidity. Yes—he was too calm—far too calm. He must have some other plan in his head. Some other plan? Clearly he was not the kind of man to be balked.

The entrance of one of the waiters with a tray of coffee cups diverted her thoughts for a moment. Moving slowly towards the window again, she stood gazing out at the starlit night. Lady Howard, engrossed in an interesting conversation with Major Brown, turned with a start at her approach.

Is that the coffee at last, Evelyn? You might bring it to us out here—the air is so pleasant this evening.

Miss Luttrell drew a faint sigh. Returning to the table where the tray had been placed, she found Falkland hovering over the cups and saucers somewhat uneasily, a sugar basin in his hand.

Let me see, Miss Luttrell—will you make your aunt's coffee? I believe you always do.

Yes—I will make it, replied Evelyn, taking up the half-filled cup of coffee which was nearest to her, filling it with cream, and then carrying it off to Lady Howard without offering so much as a glance in Falkland's direction.

She wished he would not trust his company so persistently upon her. As he knew how detestable his presence was to her, she wondered he had not the delicacy of feeling to remain on the veranda or to absent himself entirely from her aunt's room for the rest of the evening. But no—it seemed as though he took a delight in tormenting her this evening, for, looking around again, she saw him still standing by the table contemplating the coffee cups in the most meaningless fashion.

Evelyn gave a gesture of impatience and marched boldly past him; even if Falkland was annoying her, it would never do for Major Brown to suffer in consequence, and to imagine himself forgotten. With this object in view, she took up the cream jug, and was trying to reach another cup of coffee, when Falkland stretched out his arm before her and gave her one into her hand.

For Major Brown, I suppose? he interrogated, with unusual deference.

Evelyn murmured some word of thanks and turned away. But what was it that suddenly arrested her attention? What was it that made her start, bend hastily towards the cup, and then, growing whiter than ashes, look round at Falkland?

By fair means or any means. Those were the words he had uttered; and now back in her ears they were ringing, whilst a horrible idea struck her—her idea which seemed almost to paralyze her.

In an instant however she had recovered herself. Quick as lightning, she turned to the table again, seized the china sugar-basin, and, raising the cup, was just about to empty the whole of the contents, when, as though detecting her intention, a detaining hand was laid upon her arm, and Falkland, in his suave tones, said—

Ah—that is for Major Brown! Will you not give it to him?

Oh, do not trouble, please, Miss Luttrell! exclaimed Brown, who at that moment appeared in the window. Let me fetch it myself—and, before Evelyn was even aware of what was happening, he had taken the cup of coffee from her hand and, turning to the sugar basin, was carefully searching for a piece of sugar of the exact size he required.

You—you will not like that! gasped Evelyn, making a quick movement forward, with an expression of perplexity upon her face. Let me get you another cup—that is not strong enough!

No—certainly not, thank you! This is delicious! declared the Major, helping himself to some cream; and, before she had even time to utter another word, Evelyn saw him pass out on to the veranda, and to her horror, actually raise the cup to his lips.

It was too terrible! She made one despairing effort to reach him, one vain attempt to dash the cup from his hand. But what was it which seemed suddenly to hold her back, to rise up like a cloud before her eyes? She passed her hand in a dazed bewildered manner across her forehead, made one staggering step forward, and then, with an instinctive sense of preservation, grasped hold of the arm of a chair and sank back amongst the cushions perfectly unconscious.

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Philadelphia JUNE Odessa. Thursday, 10 a.m. Friday, 8 a.m. Monday, 6th, 2 p.m. Tuesday, 7th, 10 p.m. Wednesday, 8th, 10 p.m. Thursday, 9th, 10 p.m. Friday, 10th, 10 p.m. Saturday, 11th, 10 p.m. Sunday, 12th, 10 p.m.

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